

#17

three red flags, each winnowed
around multi-colored stones,
is how I've been hit,

how I've been gutted

#19

feet tap linoleum,
shadow-play rhythm;
not to be dogged,
nerves infra-reddened

#45

"in order to"
lose those blueberry shackles
"fight hegemony"
in moose-like context

I don't know how to

#36

after all
everything
you're still
thinking

ochre-tinted

#61

never you worry
honey
on the table
money

#91

"I have
eaten no
plums"
is what

I told
the trope-
police

#105

cut short,
pumpkin,
but that's
alright, as
I feel cut
also, by
short kin,
smashed.

#162

no room for thought
glare on potted plants

flawlessly dumbstruck

#163

your face
beige wall
it's pictured

not that I
can reach

#169

you'll see
it's urban
as grease,

breaths I

take in a
rush like
this, this

#170

éclairs conspire
all in a line

I'm hungry

for them to
be written

#200

my hands measure
hyena arousal
as my mouth laughs

my my